

Never Once More I Want To See You Like This

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Category: Fairy Tail

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Gajeel R., Levy M.

Pairings: Gajeel R./Levy M.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-13 23:12:05

Updated: 2016-04-13 23:12:05

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:32:01

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,570

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: 'Finally' I think, looking up. I'm standing in green. No, literally, I'm standing in green. My combat boots dig in the soft grass beneath my feet, and it feels good. It's different from all the hard soils I have to run, jump, dodge and crash on while I'm on missions for my guild, Fairy Tail. It's good to be back home. It's... Peaceful.

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'Finally' I think, looking up.

I'm standing in green. No, literally, I'm standing in green. My combat boots dig in the soft grass beneath my feet, and it feels good. It's different from all the hard soils I have to run, jump, dodge and crash on while I'm on missions for my guild, Fairy Tail. It's good to be back home. I just came from a two month long mission and it feels good to be home. It's... Peaceful. Not that I'm a peace kind of guy, because I'm not, since my life hasn't been the easiest since I was born, but I can say that it has settled down. I've settled down. And that's good. I think. No, I don't just think, I know it's good. And luckily, I haven't settled down alone. I guess the fucker up there, if there's any, gave me the chance of a lifetime. Spared me from all the pain and misery this fucked up thing called life gave me.

Where was I? Oh, right, I was telling where I was.

So, yeah. I'm in a park. And this is the part where I describe my surroundings, right? Like, how the leaves are dancing with the small breeze that also caresses my spiky black locks, how the grass is soft, and how the melody of the birds echo in the air to form a perfect spring melody? Or how the green is always different, like the leaves of the small flowers is forest green, or the small fountain is jade green, or that plastic cup is lime green? I don't know, it's

fucking green. There. I'm not good with words. I'm an action kind of guy. And that's all.

My sharp ears catch a sound. A sound more melodic than the music the birds are singing (which is starting to give me a headache because it's so high-pitched). A sound that I'd recognize anywhere. A sound that I'd hear half a world away because I love it so much. A sound that relieves my heart every time I listen to it. A laughter. But not just any laughter. No, it's a special kind of laugh. This laugh is cute, a little high-pitched, but tolerable, and with an adorable pig grunt at the end of each sequence. It's the cutest I've ever heard. Seriously. And its owner? Ever better.

And I'm seeing her from where I'm standing. That tiny body, smurf-like next to me, since I'm huge, curvaceous to no end. I mean, sure, her boobs aren't that big compared to the other girls in the guild, but that ass though! I'm the first to admit that I'm an ass kind of man, and that girl has enough to keep me satisfied. Damn, now I can't stop staring at her ass. Anyway, blue hair, wavy and short, huge brown eyes that look caramel when she looks at the sun and a smile that can cheer me up anytime.

Her name is Levy McGarden.

I walk to her, with a smug smile, because I know that I'm gonna surprise her. Why? She has her nose stuck in a book. And when she's like this, she's always oblivious to what surrounds her. I look at the cover of the book she's reading: The King in Yellow. Wait, isn't that a terror book? Really, Shrimp? You're not gonna sleep at night, you stupid. And you're gonna keep me up. You're the worst. I shake my head, and I stand before her. She still hasn't noticed me, yet my shadow is covering her. She doesn't have her earplugs on, so why doesn't she look up?

"Shrimp."

And she still doesn't look up.

I try again to call her, but my voice doesn't leave my lips. Was I just muted? Shrimp, did you mute me?! Oh, that sly bitch! It wouldn't be the first time she did this, but usually she wasn't this fast. Frowning, I put one knee on the floor and look into her eyes. She doesn't look into mine back. But I notice something. Around her neck. A somewhat large line, dark and unnatural. That's odd. What has she been up to? What did that? Worried, I reach out to touch that line. And it feels soft. Like her skin always is. Soft as the fur of a peach. Or as a kiwi! Lily loves kiwis. Gihh. But it also feels cold. So cold. Levy can have her temperature lowered, sure, especially when she's reading, but never has she had her temperature that cold.

And then, she looks at me.

I gasp, as I sit open in my bed. I'm breathing hard, my forehead is covered in sweat, and my hands are gripping the sheets like they were my only salvation. That image is burning in my head like an incandescent iron. Gosh, that's so awful. I'm not gonna be able to sleep anymore. That image is too scary. I close my eyes, but all I see is the moment she looked up to me. And that's something I'd rather not remember. Shuddering, I lay back down, and stare at the

ceiling. The glowing small stars are still glued to the ceiling. Because she told me once that she was afraid of the dark.

Sighing, I bite my lip. I need to face that image, if I ever want to get some sleep, and that's all ever needed. Lily isn't around anyway, he's on a double date with Happy, Carla and Frosh. Don't ask me how Lily and Frosh got together, I honestly don't know. I don't even know if that's Frog is a dude or a girl! But oh well, that's my cat and I still love him, no matter where his sexuality lays. Oh, Mavis, here we go. Stop being a pussy, Gajeel. Just do it. And I close my eyes.

Immediately, the image appears in my head. The image of Levy's face. Her perfect oval face. The usually tanned skin is now pale, just like a ghost. There are bags under her eyes, and the big chocolate pools that I loved to lose myself in are glow-less, dead almost. Her lips are parted, and red. Unfortunately, the red isn't from a lipstick, that I love to smudge out with my own lips. No. The red is blood, and it's dripping from the corner of her lips. But what scares me the most isn't the ghostly image. Is the somewhat large line that crosses her neck. There was nothing that I feared the most but that line. Because I could almost see the bone of the cervical spine, and the flesh that I sucked on so many times was sliced open, and dark blood was dripping out of it.

I opened my eyes, not being able to stare at those eyes anymore. They are dead. My Levy's eyes are always glowing. Never once they lost all their vigor like this. I can't deal with this. No. I've dealt with strange, morbid and bloody things in my Phantom Lord time, but never has any of them affected me like this image does. Ask me why, but no answer you will receive. I can't tell you. It's just too scary. Levy is too important to me to see her like this. I look over to my bedside table and I grab the only picture that is there. The cold frame tingle my fingers, and for a moment I think about the cold skin of hers, but I quickly push it out of my head.

I remember when I took this picture. Well, when we took this picture. It was a spring day, and I had asked her out. We were walking down the park when she pulls my arm and she gives me a camera. I smirk and I stretch my arm up, making sure that I got everything in the picture: my so famous smirk, her winking face and her tongue stuck out, her peace sign and my arm around her shoulders, and the nice cleavage she was showing through her tank top. I remember the fun that followed that picture, when she noticed the line that separated one twin from the other and yelled at me, but I quickly turned that anger into pleasure.

Sighing, I sit up. If Lily were here, he'd beat me up. I really should stop thinking about her. I need fresh air, and yet the window of my bedroom is already open. Fuck, what's wrong with me?! Can't have one bad dream and already start acting like a bitch?! Damn it, Gajeel, man up! I turn the lights of the bathroom on and I look into the mirror. A shadow lurks behind me, threatening to get closer, but I scoff. It's just the flickering of the lights that's causing this. But then, complete darkness comes.

"Fuck." I say "The damn bulb blew."

A flicker of light was all it took for me to see the ghostly figure behind me. I gasp and turn around, petrified. I ran inside my room

and turned on the lights, but the figure was gone. 'I could have sworn that it wasâ€¦| Levy' I think, groaning. This night is the worst. First, I dream about her, then I start seeing her. Fuck this. I walk downstairs to the kitchen. Opening the fridge, I put out two beers. It was instinct already. Rethinking my actions, I put one beer back inside. Sighing, I lean against the counter.

And I hear a baby crying.

"Fuck, will you stop?!" I scream into the air "Isn't it enough that you haunt my dreams every night, I have to put up with you as well while I'm awake?!"

If, by now, you need to ask me why I said this, then you haven't been listening. Or reading. I don't know how this will go. I don't think I can't take this a lot more. It's getting too much. Living in this big empty house alone, when I specifically asked you to move in with me, the crying of the baby upstairs when I live in a bungalow. In a lonely part of the town. Town that we chose. We. You and me, Levy. Then why am I here alone?

The light of the opened refrigerator allows me to see a figure standing at the doorway. A figure that isn't supposed to be here. Because I live alone. But the figure is short, and curvaceous, and the hair seems blue, and seems to be wearing a pleated short orange skirt and a black tight tee, which were the clothes I last saw Levy wearing. And my heart beats faster. Because it hurts. And, despise my best judgement, I find myself following the figure.

It walks slowly and quietly. Hell, I'm looking at the feet and they don't even touch the ground! What the fuck am I doing?! I'm gonna get myself killed! I don't even know what this figure is, and I'm following it! I've done mad, it has to be. And, with each step we take, the sound of the baby crying deafens. And a creak replaces it. At first, I think that it has to be the floor beneath me. Hey, it's an old house. But the volume is increasing. What the fuck am I doing again?

We start climbing up the stairs. And flashes of memories begin to fill my head. Me holding Levy in my arms tightly. The sound of her laughter. Her voice. Her eyes. Her hands, in which I had time to put a finger on. Her smile. Her hair. Her scent, old leather and ink. Soâ€¦| Levy. Her large vocabulary, something that never ceased to surprise me. Her habit of biting her lip when she was concentrated. Her weird addiction to peanut butter. Her love for butterflies. Her distaste for flowers in general. Oh, so many things that I know about you, Levy.

I stand at the beginning of the stairs. The figure in front of me walks down the corridor and disappears against a door at the end of it. I sigh and ponder if I should go back to bed and call it a weird-as-fuck kind of dream, or put on a pair of boots and get the fuck out of this house and wait for Lily to get here. Fuck, I sound like a pansy. 'Grow a pair, man! And walk!' So I do. I start walking. Not fast enough to race, but not slow as a snail. I wanna know what's behind that door, but I'm scared of what I might find.

The shadows around me are scary. I know they're just shadows, but so are lights, and mine started flickering! I don't know what to do but to go and open that door. I wanna call Lily, but he's probably still

at the date. He's been wanting to go on a date with Frosh since forever, I'm not gonna be the one ruining this chance for him. God damn it, are you a fucking Iron Dragon Slayer or not?! As I walk, the creaks become closer, and I find myself gulping. My hand lay on the cold doorknob. And I turn.

Inside that room there's a vision I wanted to find for the rest of my life. Glowing with the moonlight, sitting in a rocking chair, there's Levy. Her blue hair is messy, like when she wakes up. Her eyes are closed, but I wish I could see them glowing with the moonlight. Her left ring finger still has the golden ring I gave her. She's wearing a simple white dress, that reaches the middle of her thighs, and she looks like an angel. My heart tugs at the view of that white dress, but I ignore it. There are stuff more important now. And that is what she's holding.

In her arms, Levy is holding a bundle of covers. Their color is silver, almost white to the light, and they're wrapping something. Someone. In her arms, Levy is holding a small toddler. Small and weak, with a tiny arm peeking from under the blanket that wraps around him and falls gracefully on the floor, dancing with the small breeze that comes from the opened window. The toddler has a black tuft of hair on his head, and it's as messy as mine or hers. The toddler seems to be looking at Levy, and Levy looks down at him.

My knees fall on the ground, and I start crying. Because I don't know what's more frightening.

Seeing my dead wife and stillborn child, or knowing that someone broke into my house to place them there.

* * *

><p>Good luck sleeping tonight ;)

eroticlad11, this is for you, handsome!

End
file.